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THE CENTENNIAL PAGEANT OF INDIANA UNIVERSITY

BLOOMINGTON INDIANA

JUNE 1 2 3

1920

THEODORE C STEELE

HAROLD H BROWN

The Centennial Pageant of of Indiana University

1820 — 1920

By

WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON

ON THE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS
BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA
JUNE FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD
NINETEEN TWENTY

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FOREWORD

The Centennial Pageant of Indiana University seeks to celebrate the progress attained during the hundred years of the University's existence, and to indicate the significance of the educational situation in which Indiana University and all American Universities find themselves in the year 1920. The music has been composed by Professor Winfred Merrill, Director of the School of Music of the University, and it was performed by the University Orchestra somewhat augmented for the occasion. The parts were taken by members of the faculty and students of Indiana University, and their families, and citizens of Bloomington, as in 1916, all uniting to produce this second drama of the history and life of their common community.

The pageant grounds are located on the Campus of the University, on the Dunn Meadow looking across the brook which has for many years been genially called the River Jordan, toward a grassy knoll and grove of evergreen trees behind which rise the walls and roof and tower of the Student Building.

The Centennial Pageant of Indiana University has been written and composed on the principle that both dramatically and musically the pageant is a distinct and individual art-form, having its own laws and its own technique. All the elements of this pageant have been worked together, in accordance with these laws and technical considerations, to produce, if may be, in the sequence of actual, typical, or symbolic scenes, a clear, beautiful, and impressive drama of the life of the community.

Most of the scene designated as II. The Founding of the University, 1820, has been taken from the corresponding scene in the Pageant of Bloomington and Indiana University, 1916, additions and slight modifications being made to focus the episode more distinctly upon the present educational situation.

The scene entitled IV. The Present Crisis, 1920, is really only a partial presentation of the significance of the crisis in the present educational situation as it affects the universities of America, confining itself to the financial aspect of the crisis and to a discussion of some other underlying questions. It does not by any means adequately represent the writer's belief as to the truth and the fundamental facts of the matter, though

it is correct as far as it goes, in his opinion. In this episode the statements made by characters who are actual people are set forth very largely in their own words, and it is believed that no misrepresentation occurs therein, as to their opinions, but the responsibility for the facts and the opinions set forth in the episode as a whole lies of course only with the writer of the pageant.

In presenting the historical and current material a certain freedom has necessarily been exercised for the sake of dramatic clarity and effectiveness. In many instances, there too, the language of the dialogue is in the actual words of the characters represented. It has, however, seemed inadvisable to indicate these passages by quotation marks, on account of the frequent necessity for making slight changes, omissions, or additions in the wording to suit the situation as represented.

W.C.L.

The Centennial Pageant of Indiana University

Half an hour and quarter of an hour before the time for the Pageant performance to begin, the University Chimes ring

THE HYMN TO INDIANA
by
CHARLES DIVEN CAMPBELL
(1877-1919)

I. THE TORCH OF AMERICAN EDUCATION

The full orchestra states the main theme of the Pageant, which is associated with the figure of Education. With the end of this theme there appears in the edge of the dark evergreens the figure of Education, robed in gold as she who endows all things with their value. On her head is a golden wreath and in her hand a standard, the Torch of Light and Truth, on which is carved as on the seal of the University an open book illuminated by a sun's rays, behind which rises a flaming torch, the long lower end of which rests upon the ground. Education stands out upon a spur of the hill which rises from the glade between the evergreen trees and the brook.

Making a wide-sweeping gesture of command, Education calls her Influences to her, the Influences of Education. Spirits irridescent, variously colored, as the music passes quickly to a distinct though closely related theme, they come pouring down the hill on either side of the evergreens and through them, to gather around Education and to radiate, near her or farther from her, her shining and varied spirit. So in swift gleaming motion they come and go, pulsing beams of colored light, until at last at the sides they sweep back up the hill and rest on the hillside like a great broad comet of radiance behind the figure of Education.

With a march in the music based on an old Puritan hymn tune and characteristic of the days of the settlement of Amer-

ica, there comes across the brook a procession of groups of the early Colonists, those who exemplified in themselves the principles of Education,—mothers with their children and daughters, guarded and guided by the fathers with the elder sons, whom they teach, gun in hand, the duties of protection and the steadfastness of self-reliance.

The music develops into a more courtly character, and there comes across the brook from the other direction another procession of people of the later Colonial period, with whom are ministers and university professors instructing the young men in the principles of the Law, Medicine, and Theology.

Education greets the groups of both oncoming processions by raising her standard to them and then lifting her hand in blessing over them. They in turn hail her with upraised arms and grateful acclamations. At a sign from Education some of the Influences sweep down toward the two processions of Colonial people in turn with a superb color emphasis and guide them up as large massed groups into positions a little below and on either side of the figure of Education.

Coming immediately after, and as if continuing the preceding music into a climax, the brass peals forth a succession of trumpt calls, interjected into the other thematic material and leading steadily up toward The Star Spangled Banner. Thereat certain of the later Colonial men, scholars in the Law, Medicine, and Theology, among them and leading them Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson, come forward together in a group before the figure of Education and point up the hill. There, as the music finally bursts out fortissimo in The Star Spangled Banner, appears America in gleaming white with golden girdle and golden Liberty Cap, carrying the Stars and Stripes in her hand and wearing the Shield of the United States on her shoulder. The Revolutionary heroes kneel. Education advances toward America and kneels in homage. At the same time, at a motion from Education, the early and later Colonial people kneel, and the two great massed wings of the Influences sweep around down into a great horse-shoe and stand first for a moment surging forward, their arms raised in acclamation, and then with the cadence of the rhythm down to their knees, as America raises high her flag above them all in acknowledgment of their recognition of her sovereignty.

The music then sounds boldly forth the motif of Education.

America goes down to the kneeling Education, takes her by the hand, lifts her up, and leads her up to the elevation where she herself was standing. There she takes from Education her standard, the Torch of Light and Truth, and gives to Education the flag, the Stars and Stripes, to bear for her, as symbol that to intelligent Education is given sovereignty over all the forces of progress in the life of the nation, while America herself at the same time makes education her first concern and interest. Meanwhile, the music leads cresendo and accelerando into an insistent alternation of the two motifs of Education and America, celebrating the increasingly closer and closer association and interweaving of the two until they become as it were a dual identity. Education receiving the flag kneels, and then rising turns and raises it high over all the spirits and people gathered before them. Thereat all rising lift their arms high with an outburst of music in acclamation of the principle which should dominate the future of the Republic.

The music then passes into a march of strong distinctive rhythm, in which may be recognized the simple themes accompanying the early and the later Colonial peoples, now much more fully developed both as to harmony and as to instrumentation, with other thematic elements added, all developed together into what may be called the March of American Progress. With the march, America points Education thither whence the earlier Colonial peoples have come and by a motion directs her to prepare and lead forward the coming generations of her people. Education then bearing the Stars and Stripes goes to prepare the future generations for their citizenship, while America remains in her place upholding the standard of Education. But Education first turns in the opposite direction and summons Success, a virile resplendent young man with almost barbaric costume, who comes attended by his retinue. As he appears, a new theme shines out with the brass in the music, and is thereafter interwoven with the other themes in the march.

Now then is seen coming a procession of the people of America of the years from 1800 to 1820, of all types and classes,—pioneers, farmers, and city residents. Success accompanies Education to meet the coming people until they have passed both groups of Colonial peoples. Then Success stops, while Education goes on. As the stream of peoples comes along, Education meets them almost as soon as they appear in sight,

and directs them on toward Success and toward America, to whom they offer their service, Success being the one who immediately introduces them to America. Before her they bow low in patriotic homage.

The music then reverts to the themes of America and Education. America leaves her elevation and followed by the two groups of Colonial people, takes her way toward Education. At her upheld hand the on-coming procession stops and pays homage with acclamation to America, which she acknowledges as she proceeds. As she passes Success, he and his retinue bow low and then follow her. When America reaches Education, she beckons her to come to her. Education bows low and joins America, who puts her arm around her. So, together they lead out the counter-procession consisting of the early and the later Colonial peoples, while the newer generations go no further bu t turn back to swell the stream of those who follow America and Education.

With the departure of America the Influences begin to surge back and forth with a pulsing movement to the same music as at their first appearance, down the hill and then up again, down and then up again, and finally sweep down forward and around the ends of the receding procession, closing its column and accomopanying the peoples around the hilliand up out of sight. The music closes with the theme of Education, repeated from the beginning of the scene in simple plain form.

II. THE FOUNDING OF THE UNIVERSITY: 1820

(From the north come running a group of boisterous boys just let out of school; after them some more boys of quieter sort and some girls. At the end comes the master on his way home, accompanied by a group of four or five young people and one little fellow.)

BOY: I could ha' spelled it, ef I'd thought.

ANOTHER: Yer could not. Susie can spell yer out any day. She can spell the whole book without the words called.

BOY: So kin I, ef I git started.

GIRL: Yer kin not. Susie can spell the book through three times without a word called out. Ask the master ef she can't.

BOY: Well, I kin spell it through once anyway.

(A man comes through, the other direction, axe and gun on shoulder. As he meets the boys he grabs one by the arm.)

MAN: Yere! What yer doin' 'round yere doin' nothin'? Git down to the dead'nin' and tend them fires and chop thet 'ar wood and be quick erbout it. (*As the boy disappears in a hurry, he man accosts the master, who comes along just then.*) Dudley Smith, how's thet'ar boy of mine a-doin'? I think yer do n't lick him enough, bust my rifle ef I do!

SMITH: He does well. He's interested in his studies and works hard.

MAN: Well, lick him! Lick him! Make him work! I want he should get the good out of his schoolin'. Kin he spell? Lick him till he kin!

SMITH: I don't need to lick him. He works hard without.

MAN: Lickin' and larnin' goes together. How kin he get any larin' 'itout the lickin'? Thet 'ar's the way he get brung up and see me now! He's got to take lots o' lickin's when he gets out in life makin' his own, and he better larn to take 'em now.

SMITH: But I do n't lick a boy if I do n't need to.

MAN: Wall, I aluz did suspect yer did n't half know yer business. Ef he's doin' purty well 'ihout lickin' think how much better he'd do with it! He's my boy and my woman's boy and I want yer to understand that I'm a-paying good money,—money an' dicker,—fer him to git the best there is, an' I want yer ter see thet he gits it. Now d' yer hear me?—you lick him!

(The master is saved from having to promise to inflict chastisement for edification only by the approach of Dr. David H. Maxwell, Jonathan Lindley, and other members of the Board of Trustees of Indiana Seminary. Coming the other way the companied by the Rev. Baynard R. Hall.)

DR. MAXWELL: Ah, Mr. Reed, it is a pleasure to see you among us again! I presume your brother-in-law has told you that the Trustees have elected him to be President and Professor of Ancient Languages for the term of one year and school to commence as early as practicable.

MR. REED: Yes, he told me and I was offering him my felicitations on the election.

JONATHAN LINDLEY: You rendered us a valuable service, sir, when you suggested his name to us and told us that he was already living here in the New Purchase.

B. R. HALL: The election, I assure you, Dr. Maxwell, was deemed by me a great honor, and I accepted the appointment not for the stipend paid as my salary, but I have for some years longed to be in the romantic west and to be numbered among its earliest literary pioneers.

MR. REED: That is certain, my friend!

B. R. HALL: Indeed, I believe I can already claim the distinction of being the first one to read Greek in the New Purchase!

DR. MAXWELL: We are to open the Seminary at once.

B. R. HALL: I am enthusiastically impatient to commence my labors.

MR. REED: Bloomington is to have its College at last!

DR. MAXWELL: Not College, as yet, Seminary.

MR. REED: Aye, but the Seminary is but a stepping-stone to the College.

B. R. HALL: And that to the University!

JONATHAN LINDLEY: The Indiana University!

DR. MAXWELL: That is certainly what we all have in mind, what we are working for! As it was laid down in the State Constitution adopted at Corydon in 1816:—"It shall be the duty of the General Assembly, as soon as circumstances permit, to provide by law for a general system of education, ascending in regular gradation from twonship schools to a State University, wherein tuition shall be gratis, and equally open to all."

B. R. HALL: You wrote that section yourself, did you not, Dr. Maxwell?

DR. MAXWELL: Who wrote it is a matter of little moment. It was adopted by the Convention. It is a part of the Constitution of the State of Indiana. It is a part of the fundamental law of the State.

MR. REED: You have your township schools here in Bloomington.

DR. MAXWELL: Yes, Dudley Smith here is our teacher. No township has or could have a better.

SMITH: That is very good of you to say so! Now with the State University started here under Mr. Hall, I and my pupils will have an added incentive to good work, for they will certainly all want to go to the University.

MR. REED: How is the Seminary, or the University, to be permanently supported, Dr. Maxwell?

DR. MAXWELL: The Constitution says, "It shall be the duty of the General Assembly to provide."

MR. REED: You take it then, I understand that it is not merely the duty of the General Assembly to start the University but to maintain it afterward.

DR. MAXWELL: There is no limitation put upon the duty of the General Assembly in the wording of the Constitution.

MR. HALL: Your judgment on that point is of special importance if you wrote that section.

DR. MAXWELL: As I said before, Mr. Hall, the important

thing is that it was adopted into the Constitution. Besides, how else can the words be understood ? Is it providing for a piece of work merely to start it, and then to leave it to deterioration and decay?

JONATHAN LINDLEY: Let us hope the General Assembly will always view it in that light!

DR. MAXWELL: How else can they view it, if they view their duty with understanding. It is the will of the people expressed in the Constitution. "It is the duty of the General Assembly to provide."

(Several people, both men and women, and of various callings, have approached during this conversation, waiting for a chance to be heard. Dr. Maxwell sees them and turns toward them.)

EBENEZER: Now, David Maxwell, it kinder sorter seems to us that this 'ar college of ourn oughter to be startin', an' we want it to.

DR. MAXWELL: The Seminary belongs to the whole State, Ebenezer, not only to Bloomington or to Monroe County.

EBENEZER: How's thet? What diffrunce 'll thet make?

DR. MAXWELL: There will be students coming here from all over the State,—in time,—we hope.

EBENEZER: Well, thet's good. If this 'ar es goin' to help this 'ar town by brenging people here from all over the state, —we're ready!

DR. MAXWELL: The Seminary opens today, Ebenezer.

JONATHAN LINDLEY: Mr. Hall is here for that purpose now.

EBENEZER: Well, thet's good. I hear he kin spell all the words ther is, and cipher and knows a whole lot more.

DR. MAXWELL: He is thoroughly competent, Ebenezer, to teach a classical seminary, and he is a good western man to oot, who had already come here to live among us.

ANOTHER MAN: How much do yer pay him, may I ask?

DR. MAXWELL: Certainly you may. This is the people's seminary and is supported by the State's money. He is paid $250 a year.

WOMAN: But it 's an honor to teach in the people's collidge! He oughter be glad to sarve for nothing.

MAN: Or at least be content with a dollar a day, more nor double what a feller gits fer mauling rails.

JONATHAN LINDLEY: That is the way it may seem to some people, but it is not the way a Seminary or a University should be run.

DR. MAXWELL: The Seminary will open today, my friends. Send your boys to Mr. Hall at once, all who want to have a classical education. The tuition will be $5 a year.

EBENEZER: Five dollars a year! But the State 's a-payin' fer this, an' it ought not cost anything, even the most powerfullest, highest larnin' should not cost us a cut quarter. Why should we pay fer it twice?

JONATHAN LINDLEY: Send your boys right to Mr. Hall. The building is not finished, so he will see them here.

(There is some quiet consideration of the situation as the doubting people withdraw and the Trustees confer among themselves during which there is silence. Then a number of boys of various sizes come in, some with books and some without. They go up to Mr. Hall in the center, who leaves the Trustees.)

THE FIRST MAN: Well, I'll jest take my boy out 'n the school and send him yere to the College. He 's got to have the best there is! (*Shouting to Smith*) D'yer hear, Dudley Smith? I'm agoin' to send my boy to this 'ar new collidge. I don't thenk yer lick him enough anyway, an' he 's gotter have the best there is!

(He goes off and soon the boy, axe in hand, comes and joins those in front of the Hall. The girls stand off to one side in a group and listen.)

HALL: Boys and young gentlemen, I am happy to see you. We are now about to commence our State College, or Seminary. I hope all feel what an hour attends being the first students. We are confident we can *make* the College, and that we can *make* the town. By proper exertions on our parts it may eventually rise to the level of the eastern colleges and be a blessing to our State and country. You have all, I suppose, the necessary books?

BOYS: I've got 'em.

Me, too.

I've brung most on 'em.

Master, Uncle Billy 's to fetch mine out in his wagin about Monday next.

Father says he could n't mind the names and wants 'em on a paper.

Books! I never heern tell of any books! Won't these here ones do, master? This here 's the Western Spellin' one and this one's the Western Kalkelatur?

Mr. Hall, I fotched my copy-book and a bottle of red ink to sit down siferin in; and dady wants me to larn book-keepin' and surveyin'.

HALL: Order, boys, order! There is a misunderstanding with some, both as to the books and the whole design and plan of the school, I perceive. This is to be a Classical and Mathematical School, and no person can be admitted unless intending to enter upon the prescribed course, and that includes, even at the start, Latin and Greek. Now, first, who are to study the dead languages?

BOYS: I do. I do. Me too.

HALL: You, then, come over here. Let me have your names. Yours?

THE TEN: Findlay Dodds; James F. Dodds; Aaron Furgeson; Hamilton Stockwell; John Todd; Michael Hummer; Samuel C. Dunn; James W. Dunn; James A. Maxwell; Joseph A. Wright.

HALL: Joseph Wright, I appoint you to ring the Seminary bell during your college course. I will attend to you ten directly, so soon as I have dismissed the others. *(To others:)* I regret, my young friends, that you are disappointed. You all have a right to what we have to bestow; but you must be qualified to enter; and must be content to receive the gift of the State in the way the law provides and orders. Indeed, if I wished I have no power to admit you otherwise. I hope therefore you will now go home and explain the matter to your parents.

BOY: Daddy says he does n't see no sort a' use in the high larn'd things, and he wants me to larn Inglish only and book-keepin' and surveyin', so as to tend store an run a line.

ANOTHER: I allow, Mister, we've near about as good a right to be larn'd what we wants as them t' other fellows over there.

THIRD: It 's a free school fer all!

(There is some grumbling as the rejected boys go off in two groups. Their grumbling gets louder and louder the farther from Hall they go, until as they go out they are shouting names at him.)

BOYS: Don't want yer high larnin'! . . High larnin' ain't no good fer makin' a livin' anyway; father says so! . . High larnin'! High larnin'!

HALL: Now, you who are the first students of the College, come here into the shelter of the growing building and I will start you in Latin. First, we will learn the word for Star, Stella,—what is it?

THE TEN: Stella, the star.

HALL: Yes, Stella, the Star. May it lead you in all you do! Come, I will take the utmost pains to drill you well, so that what you learn in this University, or College, may stand you in good turn all through your lives.

(They withdraw up the hill where they study under Mr. Hall's guidance, he standing, a few standing with him, most of them sitting on the ground, books in hand, during the succeeding action. . . . From either side come discontented people, men and women with some children tagging along behind. Some start to go right up to Hall and his class, as if to intrude upon him their unmistakable displeasure; others gather in little groups to talk out their grievances.)

ONE: He 's too 'tarnal stuck-up with his high and big-bug larnin' what he won't teach to none but what he chooses, and what ain't no good to no one nohow.

ANOTHER: Rat, tha's what he is, a rat, a Presbyterian rat! They 's jist a-laying their tracks how they going to take this yere collidge fer theirselves, thet 's what they 're up to. See ef they ain't!

THIRD: Thar he is, look at 'im takin' the people's eddikashin money fer larnin' ristecrats' sons high-flown words. Gimme thet 'ar stone; I 'll do fer 'im!

ANOTHER: Why don't he work fer his living like honest folk?

FOURTH: It ud be a right smart chance better to have no collidge nohow if all folks hain't equal right to larn what they most like best.

(Amid a great hub-bub there enters Gen. Jacob oLwe with a following of more malcontents. At the same time, evidently with determination to offset his trouble-making, there comes other people more conservative in manners and more classical in predilections.)

JACOB LOWE: What do you say? You are the people! This yere 's your money they 's throwin' away, givin' to 'Ristocrats and Rats! People, they's electin' another perfesser now, an' he 's a Presbyterian Rat an' Ristocrat too! Those who will stand up fer their rights, foller me!

(A number of the worse element gather around Jacob Lowe and are about to start off with him, when they are stopped by the appearance of the Board of Trustees coming toward them. Lowe points at them in dumb anger. Dr. Maxwell is walking in front, Prof. John N. Harney, the newly elected Professor of Pure and Applied Mathematics, with him. Everyone quiets down. There is dead silence as the Trustees approach. When Jacob Lowe addresses the Trustees, they stop.)

LOWE: Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Board:—hem!—I have the honor to be the orgun of the people—hem!—and we 're here to forbid the election of thet 'ar Mr. Harney, thet Ohio Buckeye to be *our* Professor of Mathematucs. An' they say they do n't want two teachers of the same religion nohow. It 's the people's collidge an' it 's their eddikashin money an' they say it 's better to have 'em of diferent creeds,—hem!—and I say it—hem! and—

MAXWELL: It is with regret, General Lowe, and my respected fellow-citizens, that I interrupt this eloquent utterance, but in the present case I really do believe the danger is not to be apprehended. We all know the liberal sentiments of the President of the Seminary, Professor Hall, towards all religious bodies. Then, too, the gentleman just elected by us,—I say, just elected by us,—to be Professor of Pure and Applied Mathematics, Prof. John M. Harney, is not known to be a member of any communion. Lastly, we Trustees are of six different denominations ourselves and will surely guard against any danger such

as is mentioned. Had this honorable representation come but fifteen minutes sooner, something might have been done or at least considered, but now it is too late for us to retrace our steps. Fellow-citizens, I introduce to you Professor Harney. You will find him a western man.

(Baynard R. Hall goes over and grasps Harney by the hand. Those of Dr. Maxwell's inclining cheer loud and heartily and also go up to greet the new man. Jacob Lowe's friends retort with groans and angry shouts of disapproval. The disorder grows apace, but is suddenly interrupted by a horseman riding in with warning.)

RIDER: The Governor! The Governor is coming, with a lot of other big-bugs!

(Reluctantly order is restored by the disturbing element and all turn in the direction whence the rider came. Up the road is seen riding on horseback with a certain pompus but yet real dignity, the Governor of the State of Indiana, James Brown Ray, attended by Judge James Scott and others, the members of the Board of Visitors. As soon as he has well reached the place, with an evident appreciation of the spectacular effectiveness of his great office, the Governor stops and awaits the proper greeting of his people. Dr. Maxwell goes forward to greet and welcome the Chief Magistrate; the men all uncover their heads. Without dismounting, the Governor speaks from the saddle.)

GOVERNOR: We have come to you, my fellow-citizens of Bloomington,—we, His Excellency, Governor of your State and the Board of Visitors of the Indiana Seminary, —in the exercise of our functions to inspect the State Seminary which is located in your midst. In order that I might personally fulfill this duty I have for the time abandoned all the other important responsibilities of my office of Governor of Indiana, for the reason that this is an occasion of great moment. I forsee that the educational development of this State is destined to marvelous development. I forsee that this Seminary will speedily become first a College, and then a University, and I trust that we oruselves may make a report which will soon precipitate measure in that direction. Such being the future of this institution and of this town, it is fitting, right, and proper that I, James Brown Ray, Governor of Indiana.

should be present on this historic occasion. Fellow-citizens, let us proceed to the auspicious performance of our duties. People of Indiana, attend us!

(*All except the Trustees depart in a loose procession.*)

DR. MAXWELL: First a College, and then a University! I too,— we all of us believe itis destined to marvelous development. We who have toiled and labored and struggled to establish it, through discouragement and failure, having before us at times only our vision to urge us on,— Would we might see realized the marvelous development to which is destined and for which we have laid its foundations true to that vision! Maybe our sons or our sons' sons will see it. With that we must be content! With that, and with our vision!

III. THE HUNDRED YEARS

The music sounds as a fanfare the motif of the State of Indiana, taken from the Hymn to Indiana. Looking up the hill, the first Trustees of the Seminary, who have remained from the preceding scene, see the figure of the State of Indiana approaching down the hill. She is garbed in a long green robe and rich blue surcoat, and she carries the flag of the State. The men of the Seminary raise their arms to hail her with loyal greeting, and Indiana responds by raising the flag to them in salutation and in signal for them to come up to her. They go up the hill to meet her; she awaits them. As they join her there, she points down upon the lower ground by the stream to call their attention to the progress of the State University which is there to be represented.

Again a fanfare is heard, combining the motif of the State of Indiana and the motif of Education, making together the motif of Indiana University. With its continued repetition there appears from out the evergreens the figure of Indiana University, clad in robes of cream and surcoat of crimson. Then there follows swiftly-flowing music of sombre character and almost insuperable spirit, with which there pour out from the edges of the evergreens near at hand a number of beings, ominous, portentous in appearance, whose heads are shrouded and persons are swathed in smoky gray. With forbidding gestures and manner they throng around the Univrsity, at moments almost hiding her from sight. They are the Difficulties that chill and thwart or hamper and purify all achievement.

Then with calls of the motif of Education and of the motif of Indiana University in the music there are seen coming from different directions figures representing the main divisions of university interest, such as the Arts, Pure Learning, Applied Learning and Play. These having once been announced by the motifs the music returns to the former theme as the Difficulties pour forward in all directions to hinder their oncoming, impeding their progress and delaying their approach, so that only slowly do they make their way up toward the University.

Then rising immediately out of the other music there sounds

a new theme, joyous, strong and clear, as Inspiration, a single figure, steps out from among the evergreens behind the University. She is robed in rose draped amply about her whole figure, the part over her head fallen back from her fair head with its masses of golden hair and beautiful classic features. In motion and manner and spirit she is the very essence of undeterred achievement, herself an invincible gleam of the eternal triumph. Standing by the University she raises her arm high over her head in signal to the figures representing the divisions of University interest undaunted to come on. At the same time the University raises her torch to them with the same encouragement. As again her motif rings out and again she gives her inspiring signal, the Difficulties fall back and make way for the figures to come up to the University, where they take their places in a group behind her, while the Difficulties gather in groups on either side of her kneeling. One of them however takes Inspiration by the hand, and they stand together in front of the University, side by side, like two columns, one arm of each extended across the shoulders of the other. Thus some of the rose of Inspiration's draperies falls like light down the gray robes of Difficulty as over the heart of pathos and failure; and some of the gray of Difficulty's garments falls like a quiet shadow down the folds of the glowing robes of Inspiration. like the melancholy of the inevitable failure that always accompanies even the finest success. The music quiets down.

In the quiet that intervenes, the music falls into the cadence of a march. The Difficulty who is standing with Inspiration disengages herself; and the other Difficulties bestir themselves, rising from their knees. Down the way is seen approaching a procession of the notable men of the hundred years of the University, leaders and teachers and students, coming in three sections, one after the other, led by President Andrew Wylie, President David Starr Jordan, and President William Lowe Bryan. As the first group, led by President Wylie, approaches, the Difficulties menacingly wend their way down toward them, with intent if may be to turn them back. Inspiration steps back up the hill a little way and raises her arm in cheering signal to the oncoming people to persevere. Emboldened by this encouragement, their guide a runner, pushes through, breaks through the Difficulties and comes up toward the University. The other people led by President Wylie,

set boldly forth to follow him on through. Before their determined advance the Difficulties give way and turning escort them up on either side, while their leader greets them with a whirl of her robe which brings the lining into view,— and the lining is of rose,—as she points them on to where Inspiration stands and where the runner is kneeling before the University and lighting his torch from her Torch.

As the runner rises, Inspiration leads him first, and thn points him up the hill to the figure of the State of Indiana and the group of the first Trustees. The runner starts off up the hill in that direction, while President Wylie and the others follow him. When they reach Indiana, they bow low to her and take their places in a group behind her. Mean time to their own music the Difficulties move behind her. Mean time to their gather again as before on either side of the University, with Inspiration and their leader standing together as before in front of her.

Then with the music repeated, the other two sections of the procession of the hundred years of the University, led respectively by President Jordan and by President Bryan advance in the same way and go on up the hill to Indiana; except that the living, whoever they may be, remain behind and gather in a group behind the University.

As soon as the runner that precedes the last group has lighted his torch from the Torch of the University and the people who have accompanied him have paid their homage to Indiana, and the Difficulties have returned to their places on either side of the University, the distant sound of battle is heard in the music with the repeated crescendo recurrence of the motif of America. Far up the hill, farther up the hill than where Indiana is standing, is seen America, sword in hand, holding the Stars and Stripes out in the breeze as a call to arms. Indiana first and then the University point up the hill to America. President Bryan turns toward the direction whence all the people of the University have come and raises his hand in summons. In response there comes a body of soldiers and of others who went from the University to serve in the war. They approach without let or hindrance from the Difficulties, who instead of opposing them hail them with outstretched arms. The soldiers and others in service, as they march by the University salute without halting and march straight on up the hill, past Indiana, whom also they salute,

to America. America takes her place at their head and leads them straight on up the hill until they pass from sight.

Then a fanfare sounds forth, the motif of Indiana University, repeated and the music leads into a march based on the motif, beginning forte and continuing diminuendo, as the University leads the group of the figures repsreenting the divisions of university interest, followed by the living of the University, up the hill. As they approach Indiana, they all raise their arms in saluation to her. Indiana returns their greeting and then taking the lead, leads them farther and farther up the hill until they disappear from sight. But the crowd of the Difficulties go only a short way up the hill and then turning back swarm down on to the field again, over which they move unobstructed, uninterfered with, to their own music, surging up to a mezzo-forte and then continually diminuendo until with the last measures of it they quickly disappear into the evergreens from which they originally came.

IV. THE PRESENT CRISIS: 1920

(It is Commencement Day. Seniors in caps and gowns are gathering for the exercises. There enter from the direction of the Library a group of five or six Senior men. At the same time down the long road comes an automobile, a stunning little racer; it draws up just as it reaches the Seniors. Philip Ward, taking off his driving gloves, looks over at the young men with the air of abundant leisure of those who work hard and fast.)

WARD: Hello.

SENIORS: How are you. Hello.

(One of the Seniors, Edward Thompson, comes forward. A couple of the others immediately show interest in the fine points of the little automobile.)

WARD: Was in Indianapolis. Thought I'd run down. Know of any more good men? I can use them.

THOMPSON: There's that fellow I was telling you about, Henderson. He is a good one, stands high in his work, quick, capable, a real leader among the men.

WARD: Sounds like the sort of man we want. Where is he?

THOMPSON: But he's going into education. He's over there. Henderson, come over here.

WARD: A man like that ought not be wasted in education.

(Andrew Henderson comes over to the automobile. The others seeing the three wish to talk business withdraw a short distance and talk among themselves.)

THOMPSON: Henderson: Mr. Ward.

WARD: Glad to know you, Mr. Henderson. Mr. Henderson, I am the employment manager of the Ward Manufacturing and Construction Company. Mr. Thompson here tells me you are going into education.

HENDERSON: Yes, I am.

WARD: I thought we might have a place for you in our business. Could probably make you an offer that would be attractive to you.

HENDERSON: Thank you very much. But the University has made me a—quite remarkable offer, an Instructorship, in the line of work I am most interested in,—

WARD: What is that?

HENDERSON: Social Science.

WARD: I see.

THOMPSON: It is very rarely that a new man, just graduated, gets an instructorship.

WARD: Well, I heartily congratulate you. How much will you get, may I ask?

HENDERSON: $1,000.

WARD: $1,000? That is only $20 a week.

HENDERSON: That is pretty good for a start in a University.

WARD: Yes,—well, I think we could double that. You would have a chance to practise Social Science with us, in place of teaching it. We have a large business, offices in New York, Chicago and San Francisco, and plants all over the country. We need people that can handle men. That is the most important thing of all. There would be rapid promotion and large opportunity before you. I could assure you $2,000 to start with. Make good, that's all.

HENDERSON: That is a very attractive offer, but money is not the only thing. I think I shall like to teach. There is something about teaching that—!

WARD: Yes, there is.

(Two young women pass through, seniors in their caps and gowns. Henderson sees them and takes off his cap to them; they respond, one of them waving her hand to him. Ward and the other young men also greet them.)

WARD: We would raise your salary every year of course, if you prove yourself worth it; and when you want to marry the Company will bear that in mind too.

HENDERSON: You will? Why is that?

WARD: The company wants its men to marry. They settle down and do better work. Yes sir, a married man is worth more money to us than a single man. He has undertaken

responsibilities that he cares about, and,—in consequence, he is more responsible about everything.

HENDERSON: Teaching is a responsibility that I should really care about.

WARD: Oh yes! Have you decided yet, definitely given in your answer?

HENDERSON: No. But I have always wanted to teach, looked forward to it. I have therefore practically decided.

WARD: Well, think it over. You would have a chance to practice sociology.

HENDERSON: That is true. I see that. And you recognize the fact that there is need for social work in the affairs of a company like yours.

WARD: Certainly there is. Every corporation worthy of the name recognizes the fact. As a matter of fact the teaching profession is not what it was. It is not recognized as it used to be. The opportunities in it for big work by big men is getting limited.

HENDERSON: The need is as great as ever, greater—

WARD: Oh yes, the need is there, but a man's hands are tied behind his back.—We need good men. We would treat you right.

HENDERSON: I am sure you would. Well—I will think it over.

WARD: Do.

(Henderson goes off. A group of senior Medics and a group of senior Laws show symptoms of starting their usual yelling contest under the encouragement of Richard Stevens, a jolly sort of fellow, who always likes to see something happening. Ward has occasionally looked over that way, in fact has been sizing the men up a bit.)

WARD: Who is that fellow over there, who's so full of pep?

THOMPSON: That? That's Stevens,—Dick Stevens.

WARD: Bring him over, will you?

THOMPSON: Ho, Dick! Dick, come over here!

STEVENS: What?

THOMPSON: Come over here!

STEVENS: I? *(Then to the others.)* Come on over. If he wants me, they are not talking business.

THOMPSON: This is Mr. Stevens, Mr. Ward.

STEVENS: How are you, sir.—And this is Mr. Brown; Mr. Hodgkins; Mr. Roberts; Mr. Draper; Mr. Cooper.

(There is a slight pause. Ward had not been thinking of interviewing all of them.)

STEVENS: Bully little car, Mr. Ward.

WARD: Yes,—it gets around.—What are you going to do, Mr. Stevens? Have you accepted any position as yet?

STEVENS: I? No. I guess I will go in with my father.

(Ward looks at him a moment.)

STEVENS: I suppose I will. I'll not be crowded to decide in a hurry, I guess.

WARD: What is your father's business?

STEVENS: Grocer, in Indianapolis.

WARD: You like that business.

STEVENS: No, can't say that I do. But—

WARD: What do you want to go into? What can you do?

BROWN: He's a great old cheer leader. Lead one, Dick!

STEVENS: All together now!— —*(He laughs.)*

HODGKINS: He's manager of the Glee Club.

ROBERTS: Dancing is his specialty. *(They all laugh.)*

DRAPER: He's a poet.

COOPER: President of the Boosters Club.

WARD: Poet? What kind of verse do you write?

STEVENS: Oh, I don't write anything that could be called poetry,—just a little funny stuff now and then.

ROBERTS: Aw, yes you do too. Some of his stuff is good stuff.

WARD: What course have you been taking?

STEVENS: The regular college course, that's all. I got by. *(He laughs again.)* I am no shark; I'm no star. I only just got by. I almost failed correctly to estimate the amount of work necessary to get through.

WARD: I am looking for a man to help me in my department. I thought I might like to talk with you about it.

THE OTHERS: H'ray! That's the thing, Dick. Up to the front. He'll make good. He'll make good on anything he takes hold of.

STEVENS: Shut up, fellows!—I do not believe I would be the fellow you would want: but I guess maybe I could find you the right one pretty quick.

WARD: Yes, I believe you could. That's why I took it into my head I wanted you. The pay would not be very large at first,—probably not more than $1,200. Want to talk it over?

STEVENS: Sure.

WARD: Get in, and ride downtown with me.

THE OTHERS: Good for you, Dick!

(The other seniors slap him on the back and jolly him a lot, as he takes off his cap and gown, tosses them over his arm, and climbs into the car with Mr. Ward.)

WARD: Looks like a good line of men here, Thompson.

THOMPSON: Yes.

WARD: I might take them all.

STEVENS: They are good men, all of them.

(They all laugh. Mr. Ward is just about to drive off when the Dean of Men, Dr. Clarence E. Edmondson, comes in from one side, and in a minute or so, from the other side Prof. William T. Morgan and Prof. Edwin A. Lee.)

EDMONDSON: Good afternoon, Mr. Ward, how are you today? Prof. Morgan; Prof. Lee; Mr. Ward. Mr. Ward is of the Ward Manufacturing and Construction Company.

LEE: Yes, I know Mr. Ward.

WARD: Glad to meet you, Mr. Morgan.

MORGAN: Down here to pick up one or two men?

WARD: Yes, I was just saying I did not know but I should like to take them all.

LEE: Be quite a large order, wouldn't it?

WARD: Oh, I don't know.

EDMONDSON: Find anyone that would fit into your business?

WARD: Oh yes, Mr. Stevens and I are going down-town to talk something over.

EDMONDSON: Very nice.

LEE: Well, good luck; that's first rate.

MORGAN: That's very nice.

STEVENS: Thank you. He hasn't made me any offer yet.

WARD: Well,—I trust we can make arrangements so as to try it anyway.

MORGAN: Oh yes, Mr. Stevens is a most adaptable man, very energetic, and—

WARD: And then I am hoping to get Philip Henderson.

THE THREE: What? Henderson?

WARD: Yes. He said he'd think it over.

EDMONDSON: He's going into education!

MORGAN: You cannot have him!

LEE: He has been offered an instructorship in the University, here.

MORGAN: He is my very best man. He will make his mark, in a short time too.

WARD: Yes, he is a good man.—Well, good morning, gentlemen. Glad to have met you, Mr. Morgan. If you can turn out any more men like Henderson, I should be glad to see them.

(Mr. Ward drives off. The other three watch him go, talking among themselves.)

(Philip Henderson comes back from the direction whither he had gone. Prof. Morgan goes to meet him. Dr. Edmondson and Prof. Lee also join them.)

MORGAN: Philip, Mr. Ward tells us he has made you an offer and that you are thinking it over.

HENDERSON: Yes, he has.

MORGAN: I hope you are not considering it.

HENDERSON: Yes, I am considering it and shall probably—

MORGAN: But you have a career before you in Social Science.

You have always looked forward to teaching; your father was a teacher before you; and you have been trained for it.

HENDERSON: Yes, I know. That is all true.

EDMONDSON: Then why don't you go into education?

HENDERSON: I was going to. But—I have been thinking this over by myself for a long time,—and—the brief of the matter is I have decided I would not make a very good teacher after all.

MORGAN: No, it is not either. No more than it is matter of mere money. What is it?

LEE: You would be notable as a teacher.

MORGAN: What is it?

EDMONDSON: If you do not mind telling us, we would be very glad if you would speak perfectly frankly.

HENDERSON: I am at the point where I must make my choice for my whole life, not for two or three years.

MORGAN: Certainly you are, and so—

LEE: He means that he must look out for death and marriage and children and insurance, and all those things in deciding what he is going to do.

HENERSON: Yes.

MORGAN: Of course you have. And so did we, when we made our choice.

HENDERSON: But that was a good while ago.

MORGAN: That is true enough, but why should that turn you off from your greatest opportunity? That is what I cannot see. Tell us that!

HENDERSON: Why,—I do not want to say anything that will sound personal,—

THE THREE: Out with it! Give us the truth!

HENDERSON: Well,—I cannot afford to go into education. I have to earn my living,—and—I am going to want to get married sometime of course. Why, for instance I went down-town to see what I could find to live in, and what do you suppose? The real estate agent told me that the only thing he could do for me would be to sell me a house.

I cannot buy a house! And everything is up,—everywhere.

EDMONDSON: Yes, it takes $230 today to buy what you could get for $100 in 1914. Oh, something may turn up!

HENDERSON: Yes,—luck. Why, in this other line, if I make good, and make use of my opportunities, at the end of ten years I can have half my time free for original work with an income greater to support my family than if I went into education and attained to a full professorship. I cannot ask a girl to share hardships with me unnecessarily, when I can support her properly in some other line of work. But that is the outlook in education. *There is no honest self-respecting living in it.* AND I DO NOT SEE WHY DECENT MEN LIKE YOU STAND IT!—I beg your pardon! I ought to have kept my mouth shut.

EDMONDSON: That's all right. What you say is true. The reason we stand it is that some one must support education by enduring these present hardships, by standing the gaff. It takes more than money to support things that are worth supporting. We need money. Until money is gotten, large sums of money, grit and endurance must do the work. Until then education must be supported by men without money.

MORGAN: What would happen to American education if we refused to stand it, went on strike?

LEE: We hope, with the help of our wives, to be able to stick it out until the American people wake up and see that education is properly taken care of.

HENDERSON: Well,—I apologize. You professors, you teachers, are standing in the breach, aren't you?

EDMONDSON: We try to. That is the prevailing motive among us anyway. But some of us get pretty discouraged, sometimes, and a whipped man is good for nothing.

HENDERSON: I did not see it in that light. Well, what would you do if you were in my place?

EDMONDSON: In your place? That is a difficult question.

HENDERSON: I feel it to be so. It is for me.

(There is silence a moment. None of the three is anxious to undertake to answer.)

LEE: It is a square question; it deserves an honest answer. I should probably do what you are doing.

(Again there is silence. In a moment Henderson nods his head emphatically and leaves.)

MORGAN: Too bad.

EDMONDSON: The responsibility is not his if a scholar is lost.

LEE: What is to be done about it?

EDMONDSON: There is no living in education. Come down to it, it is a matter of salaries. Like Henderson here a moment ago,—it is a man's first normal duty to support his wife and family, and that he cannot do with the present salaries and the present prices.

President Bryan, wearing his robes, Dean Wells and Professor David A. Rothrock have come in and sauntered up to the group and stand listening to them.)

MORGAN: The most important change necessary is a more active and intelligent appreciation of the value of education for its own sake on the part of the parents. When that is right everything will be right.

LEE: That is all very well, but the greatest need of the teaching profession is an actual profession of teaching. Teachers are not jealous enough of the standards which they hold concerning their vocation. They must make teaching a real profession like medicine or the law.

BRYAN: Every important occupation has been made what it is by a guild,—Every such historic guild of artisans, scholars, lawyers, prophets, what not, rose, one may be sure, to meet some deep social necessity. They are each the product of a brotherhood, of generations working to meet one social necessity, of an apostolic succession of masters living in the service of one ideal.

LEE: We think of a profession as being a calling which requires an extended course of training rather than a brief period of study, a calling in which this preparatory course of training is to a large decree standardized, and above all as a calling in which there are rather definite standards of ethics. Teachers must come to a recognition of the real worth of their work.

MORGAN: Yes, but what can a higher professional spirit

among the teachers do unless the parents help? Nothing. In the last analysis the teacher is simply an assistant parent.

LEE: True; but also the parent is simply an assistant teacher; and until the teacher properly respects his own profession, the parent will not be proud of his connection with it. Doctors and lawyers have no trouble about their standing in the community.

DEAN WELLS: But what, specifically, get right down to it, can the teachers do now?

EDMONDSON: Although the universities as a class justified themselves in the war, brought themselves into general appreciation for their intrinsic value to the nation as never before, nonetheless never has education been placed in a more precarious position.

ROTHROCK: You know what Abe Martin said? "On account of the high cost of living Professor Alex Tansey has resigned, to accept a position as janitor." That sums it up.

LEE: The university man can demand his place and command his figure wherever he will,—except in the university.

DEAN WELLS: The universities must have more money.

ALL: They must.

MORGAN: Well now then why should not the various industrial associations and trades contribute to supplement the endowment of the universities. It is for their benefit. It will not cost them a tenth as much as to train their own men. Let the association of Engineers subsidize the Schools of Engineering, the Farmers Associations and Granges the Agricultural Colleges; the Chemical Association the departments of chemistry, and so forth.

ALL: That would not do. It is a matter of larger appropriations.

DEAN WELLS: What is the Legislature doing? They ought to supply more appropriatians.

EDMONDSON: That puts it up to our friend, Rothrock.

LEE: You cannot disclaim responsibility in the matter.

ROTHROCK: No, I will take my share of the responsibility. The Legislature is not to blame.

OTHER PROESSORS: Oh no, of course not! It's the Gov—

ROTHROCK: No, nor the Governor either. The Legislature represents the people. It really represents the voters, and you take it by and large you will have to acknowledge that the Legislature comes pretty close to doing what the people who elected them want them to do.

OTHERS: Oh, of course!

ROTHROCK: Well they do! The trouble is that the people of the State, you people whom we represent in the Legislature, are not really very much interested in the advancemen of education.

MORGAN: It is true that they do not re-elect a man who works hard for larger educational appropriations and send home one who does not.

LEE: There is no political future in championing education.

EDMONDSON: Well, of course, as a whole the voters are chiefly interested in keeping the taxes down, and they do not understand just how large expenditures for higher education are going to benefit them.

ROTHROCK: That's it! They do not take the trouble to look into the matter and find out, even though it is their own children that the money is spent for and the future citizenship of the State.

BRYAN: Gentlemen, I think you are all of you dwelling too much upon detail and minor aspects of the matter. A professional spirit among teachers is important; the responsibility of parents is important; the duty of the Legislature to provide, as it was expressed in the old Constitution of 1816, is important. But the people of Indiana have risen true to thei dealism of their character before this, and they will again, we may be sure. It does no good to blink the fact that we are still in the midst of deadly war, —war of ideas between stand-patter and red; war of money between capital and labor; war with guns. We must find our way toward peace. As was said of old time, "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." Education must serve, Education can serve, only all America.

(The University Band strikes up. The Seniors and others who have been gathering for the Commencement Procession

fall in line. The Band plays the University March, and the procession winds its way up around between the Student Building, and the Library, the music becoming softer and softer as it recedes. The group stand watching the line go on its way.)

BRYAN: There, gentlemen, there is the question! Where are they going? Are they going to serve only a part of America, this class or that class,—or, each according to his respective peculiar abilities, are they going to the service of America, of all America?

(They take their place in the Commencement Procession, and follow along after the students. From between the Student Building and Maxwell Hall is heard the Band playing the University March.)

V. THE GREATER VICTORY

The music plays a Triumph March, somewhat reminiscent of the music of the first scene, The Torch of American Education, but serious, almost solemn in feeling rather than jubilant. The figure of War enters. He is a powerful but alert, grim but not necessarily brutal warrior, and comes followed by five stern Amazons, fully armed, the five Years of the War. After them and introduced by them come America and Europe, victorious, returning fatigued with their soldiers from France. Europe is attended by a group of her Nations; America by Success with his retinue, now somewhat grand and confident in manner, and by Education, still bearing the American flag with a group of her Influences. As they enter, War and the Years of War stand back for them to pass. He salutes them, then sheathes his sword and the Years of War lay down their arms. At the same time up on the higher reaches of the hill the rest of the Influences appear in large numbers.

Then when they have come nearer to the centre of the ground, America in turn stops to let the others pass her and salutes them bidding them farewell. Europe however bespeaks America's continued companionship, co-operation and help, pointing as the music somewhat changes its character to the approach of Peace, the twin of War, except that instead of coming armed and bearing weapons and naked sword, he comes from the opposite direction bearing an enormous burden, and instead of being followed by the five Years of War he is followed by ten stalwart Amazons, like him bearing enormous burdens, for these are the Years of Peace. Coming up toward Europe and America, Peace and his attendant women stop, put down their burdens upon the ground, and silently point to them, indicating to the Nations that they must now assume them after the sacrifices of war. Thereupon Europe again indicates to America the need of her Nations for her co-operation.

America pleads her inability to cope with these great burdens, but Peace points forthwith to Education. Looking at War, America finds that he too points to Education. As America confirms this designation with a bow of her head, Educa-

tion, her motif ringing out in the music, steps forward toward the pile of burdens which Peace and the Years of Peace have placed upon the ground, takes her stand by them, and as the music peals forth her motif again and again, lifts the flag in summons high in the air. At the same time, with an inpouring of their theme through the music, the Influences pour down the slopes of the hill and surround the groups, some penetrating in between the groups and giving the whole a marvelous radiant and splendid effect. So, as Education stands there before America and Europe calling the people to the tasks of the new time, and as it were with the motifs and themes from the March of American Progress bubbling and boiling up from the bottom, the multitudinous citizens and workers of America begin to appear on the horizon, gathering in answer to the summons, ready to assume the responsibilities of the new day.

Then as with a discordant screech of his motif in the music, Success breaks forth in arrogant conceit and temper, Jealous that Education, not he, had been indicated by both War and Peace as the one to summon the people for the new emergency. Vaunting himself he struts forth before all while his retinue acclaim him, denounces Education, and proclaims himself as the important one of the hour. His manner and gesticulations obviously demand of America, "Was it not I, Success, that brought the war to an end? Could you have done it except for me? Why then do you acclaim and honor that drudge, Education?" So he rages before America and in the sight of all the Nations and threatens Education. America seeks to appease him, but in vain. At last he seizes the Standard of Education from America's hands and throws it down upon the ground. Then rushing across to Education he seizes from her by force the flag and stepping forward boldly with it into the midst shakes it with angry vehemence in the air in summons to the people to come at his call. Still America tries to appease him, while Education falls back abashed and appalled at his temerity, while the European Nations stand back a little in mute astonishment, and the Influences sharply and decisively start to withdraw up the hill and continue steadily to do so. Peace and War stand on either side stoically observant and unresponsive,—War with his arms folded as having no longer anything to do with current affairs; Peace still pointing relentlessly at the burdens which must be assumed and borne.

While the music cries forth the alternating calls of America and of Success, he continues imperiously to flaunt the flag in the air, waving it now in one direction and now in another, summoning the people of America with the authority of the flag to come to his bidding. Surging up from every direction in obedience to the summons of the flag, they come. Farmers, miners, artisans and toilers of all trades and occupations, all the ranks of labor and of industry, swarming forward, men and women, to the call, while the music though still punctuated by the motifs of America and of Success, falls into the rhythm and melody of the March of American Progress.

As the people draw near, America steps forward beside Success and in front of him to direct her people to assume the burdens that the Years of Peace have brought. But Success turning upon her thrusts her violently back, stands insolently forth himself, and as the music lets forth a final most extreme screech of his motif flings down the American flag upon the ground and stands in the midst of an awful silence challenging the resistance of all. The music stops short, and all the figures stand aghast, except those of his own retinue, who confidently and contemptuously throw out over the crowd of workers handfuls of shining gleaming gold; whereat the Influences fly far up the hill in dismay.

Abruptly the music breaks in after the tremendous pause with the full power of the March of American Progress, as the workers surge forward with a hoarse roar of protest and denunciation. Their leaders bear down upon Success and seize him, and strip him and his retinue of their gorgeous robes. They pick up the fallen standard and restore it to Education. The crowds of workers choose Education for their leader by upraised arms. Education picks up the American flag and amid frenzied shouts of enthusiasm and loyalty restores it to America, while the workers bring Success and his retinue to America and compel them to kneel before her. With this the Influences come back down the hill on the run and continue in vibrant irridescence around Education from then on.

Then America raises the flag over the crowds of workers again in recognition of their renewed allegiance to her sovereignty, as the music blares forth fortissimo The Star Spangled Banner. She points her people to the burdens of Peace which they must assume and carry away, and bids Success and his retinue to assist in the work. Saluting her in loyal

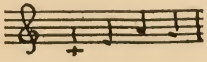
assent, the people go forward and pick up the burdens, under the superintendence of Education and Success, taking them from the Years of Peace and helping the Nations of Europe also to carry theirs. So is formed a great procession, led by Education and Success, first passing in review before America, Europe and the Nations, then pausing and counter-marching for them to pass out before them, and finally following them out up the hill in recessional to a great Triumph March, similar to that with which the scene began, but now jubilant in character. The Influences surge back and forth as at the close of the first scene, and follow after, closing the procession in a blaze of color.

THE MUSIC OF THE PAGEANT

The creation of a symphony permits of free and untrammeled fantasy, governed by aesthetic considerations only; the opera libretto furnishes rhythms and musical thoughts coupled with the unity of narrative; the pageant, however, makes very different musical demands. While it may not be allowed the freedom of imagination of the symphony, because imagination will not be fettered to definite directions, it must, nevertheless, furnish the tone colors and certain suggestive effects that express the spirit of the symbolic pantomime, and knit together the whole in a unity of meaning that will help to reveal the definite purpose. Two other factors enter into consideration in the composition of pageant music and neither tends to lessen the difficulty: First, the fact that the pageant is for one performance---an occasion--- and therefore the music must be such that it can be readily understood at one hearing. Then the fact of out-of-door performance makes it imperative that it be scored heavily, which necessarily reduces contrasts and subdues tone color.

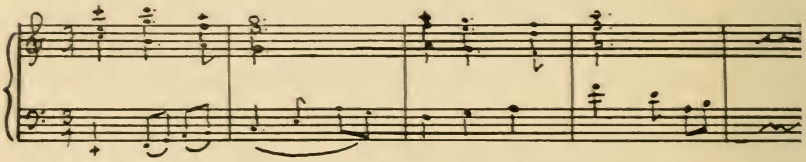
The Centennial Pageant of Indiana University is a pageant of education from first to last through "The Torch of American Education," "The Hundred Years" and "The Greater Victory", hence the recurrence in many forms of the motif, theme, design or trade-mark selected to represent Education as the alpha and omega of the work. This motif is simply a triad with a suspension of the sixth before the fifth, of which Spontini said to Wagner, "Apres Gluck c'est *moi* qui ai fait la grande révolution avec La Vestale; j'ai introduit le Vorhalt de la sextes dans l'harmonie et la grosse caisse dans l'orchestre." While Spontini may have introduced the bass drum into the orchestra---nothing to be especially proud of now since others have introduced a whole boiler-shop---a few minutes study of Bach might have convinced him that he was not the one who introduced the suspension of the sixth into harmony.

This then, is the Education motif in simple form:



or, symmetrically inverted:

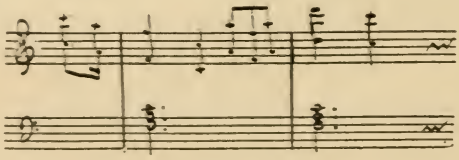
Influences of Education are represented by a movement in triple time, of a flowing character in the higher voices, while a counter melody in the cellos and bassoon reiterates the Education motif. The Influence motif appears a number of times in both the first and last musical movement of the pageant.



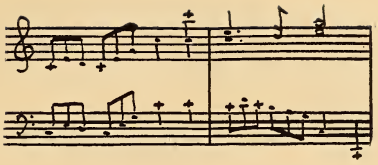
An old colonial hymn tune is called for to give atmosphere to the older colonists' appearance in procession, crossing the brook. The one selected and given out entirely by the brass and wood-wind is "Bangor", written by Thomas Ravenscroft (1582-1635) and very much in vogue in the old colony days, sung to the words:

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound;
My ears attend the cry—
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where ye must shortly lie."

America is given the following, mostly in the brasses:

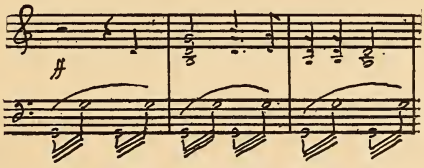


A march, designated as "The March of American Progress" is in regular form and has for its Trio a development of the motif used to represent Success:

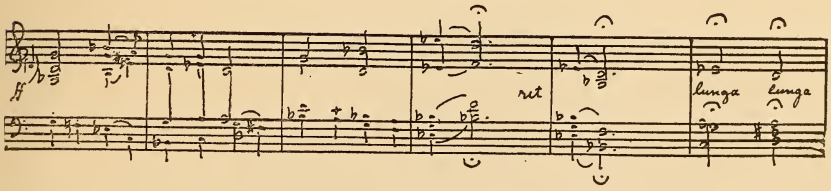


The second musical movement—"The Hundred Years"—is in the dominant of the first and third movements and contains, of their symbolic characters, only Education and America. The third musical movement has no new characters. Following are the characters in "The Hundred Years" and their motifs:

Indiana, for which the first two measures of Charles Diven Campbell's "Hymn to Indiana" was used;



Indiana University, a combination of the motifs of Indiana and Education;



the Difficulties motif, a whole strain representing antagonism;

Inspiration, a chromatic run in the higher wood-winds, ending in a trill and suggesting the upwelling of intention, and

the Approach of War, suggested by the combination of two songs oftenest heard at the time of our entrance into the war, War himself by certain loud crashes and Peace by a round—the round of daily life.

At the beginning of the third musical number a Triumph March is called for and the same appears later in a much less somber setting.

The settings of the quotations above mentioned are original, and the first and last numbers end with the motif of Education, announced with all the impressiveness of the full power of the orchestra.

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